Thus dost thou heare the nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou striue(poore soule)what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.
Quee. What plume of fethers is he that indited this letter?
What vaine? What Wethercock? Did you euer heare better?
Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.
Quee. Els your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.
Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court,
A Phantasime a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.
Quee. Thou fellow, a worde.
Who gaue thee this letter?
Clow. I tolde you, my Lord.
Quee. To whom shouldst thou giue it?
Clow. From my Lord to my Ladie.
Quee. From which Lord, to which Ladie?
Clow. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good Maister of mine,
To a Ladie of France, that he calde *Rosaline*.
Quee. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweete, put vp this, twilbe thine another day.
Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?
Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.
Boy. I my continent of beautie.
Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.
Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
hang me by the necke, if horns that yeere miscarrie.
Finely put on.
Rosa. Well then I am the shooter.
Boy. And who is your Deare?
Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not
neare. Finely put on in deede.
Maria. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and she strikes
at the brow.
Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower: Haue I hit her now?
Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an olde saying, that
was

was a man when King *Pippen* of Frannce
touchiug the hit it.
Boy. So I may answere thee with one as
woman when queene *Gumouer* of Brittaine
as toching the hit it.
Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man.
Boy. And I cannot, cannot, cannot: and
Clo. By my troth most pleiant, how both
Mar. A marke marueilous wel shot, for
Bo. A mark, O mark but that mark: a mar
Let the mark haue a prick in't, to meate at, i
Mar. Wide a'the bow hand, yfaith you
Clo. Indeed a'must shoot nearer, or hele n
Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike y
Clo. Then will she get the vpshoot by cl
Ma. Come come, you talke greasely, your
Cl. Shes to hard for you at pricks, sir chall
Bo. I feare too much rubbing: good night
Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simpl
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put
O my troth most sweete iestes, most inconic
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenly
Armatho ath toothen side, o a most daintie m
To see him walke before a Lady, and to bea
To see him kisse his hand, & how most swe
And his Page atother side, that handfull of
Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nit.
Sowla, sowla. *Exeunt.*
Enter *Dull, Holofernes*, the *Pedant* and
Nat. Very reuerent sport truly, and done i
of a good conscience.
Ped. The Deare was(as you know)sangu
as the Pomwater, who now hangeth like a
of *Celo* the skie, the welken the heauen, & a
a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the lan
Curat Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the
sweetly varried like a scholler at the least: b
it was a Bucke of the first head.